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THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLIC

As Seen by an Ex-President and a U. S. Senator.

Ex-president Cleveland Suggests the preservation of Rural Political Sentiment.

Classes Perilous to a Republic. The Views of Senator Beveridg

Nevertheless there should be a kindly toleration of the old-fashioned consciencious folk, who would be glad to see riches honestly and fairly earned. In any event the are those who are alert in their patriotism, and are entitled to a hearing when they demand that however wealth may be acquired it should keep iti place, as as an independent factor in our national life, within such limits as will prevent its interference with the usefulaction of other elements of our country's welfare.

As we thus contemplate certain unfavorible features of life in our cities it would be a comfort if we could be sure that the wholesale counter- balance of uncontaminated rural characterists and influence had been so far preserved that we could look for a safe and steady operation of genuine rural sentiment for a check to any unfortunate tendencies which our cities have developed. This measure of comfort and reassurance is denied us whewn we realize that the strength and usefulness of this sentiment, as a regulating and restraining force, have suffered such diminution and perversion that they cannot be relied as on efficient agencies for reforming and bettering our condition.

There was a time, and it is within the memory of men not yet old, when in our rural districts were found the homes of sturdy, independent and intelligent Americans, not by any means unfriendly to city ways and occupations, but still insistent upon the value of their mode of life. These men were independent and strong in political thought and action. They were stubborn in holding to their ideas of right, well informed on public questions, ready to resist all patronizing efforts of unsolicitedleadership, not ashamed of labor and frugality, and proudly content with their lot and opportunities. Their sons succeeded them on their farms or in their occupations, and perpetuated their habits of thought and their traits of good citizenship. If one of these sons left the old home for a city life he took with him the energy and industry he had gained in rural surroundings, and contributed to his new environment the love of honesty and clean methods, learned in a rural household. Now it is the exception in small communities where the sons continue the farm cultivation or the occupations of the fathers. They are more apt to become possesed early with a preference for city life, which results in their becoming city men; and when the hard labor of the deserted parents is interrupted by the incapacities of age, the farm or small business either passes to strangers, or a forlorn, decrepit, old man closes the gate or turns the key, and adds another to the long list of a-

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Our internal problems will solve themselves. Their solution will not come so much from the thought of any one man—not, indeed, from the conclusion of any school or schools of thinkers. They will be solved as nature solves her problems—by evolution, by indnstrial evolution.

The scientist, the inventor, the prophet of the mechanical will laugh you to scorn if you suggest to him that we have reached the limit of the achievements of science in the service of human labor or human comfort; and of course it is just as true that the resources of our statesmanship are no more exhausted than are the storehouses of scientific helpfulness. New problems will arise just as long as progress continues; but there will not be wanting the fertile brain, the upright consciance and brave heart to meet and solve them—or rather help to solve them, since all great problems are really solved by events.

Are not these outlines of the near-by future rational? In these papers an attempt has been made:

First, to picture the physical situation and equipment of the American in the modern world.

Second, to autline the large and fundamertal elements of American character, which are:

(a) Conservatism—moderation, thoughfulness and poise.

(b) Thoroness—conscientious performance, to the minutest detail, of any work which we as individuals or people may have in hand.

(c) Justice—that spirit which weighs with the scales of righteousnessour conduct toward each other and our conduct as a nation toward the world.

(d) Religion—the sence of a dependence upon and responsibility to the Higher Power; the profound American belief that our destiny is in His hands.

(e) The minor elements of American character—such as the tendency to organize, the element of humor, impatience with frauds and the movement in American life toward the simple and sincere.

If these outlines of character be substantially accurate; if the worlds map and our loction thereon is correct; if the influences at work upon our developmen' are not overstated; if the vital facts of our increase in population, the necessity for the expansion of our commerce, those powerful influences of gravitation exercised by great peoples over small and contiguous states, have been stated with substantial accuracy—is not the result a real and certain future for the American people brilliant, glorious, happy and good?

Here is no dreaming. Here is no fanciful forecast of the visionary. Here is a mere problem in arithmetic—a simple sum in addition. The experiments of the

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LEWIS WOODS' VIEWS

TOO MUCH HIGH EDUCATION FOR RACE YOUTH

Youth Should be Taught Trades.

"High schools fill the crap joints." So says Lewis Woods, editor of the Rising Sun. "The white man has done all he intends doing for the colored man," said the editor, when asked concerning a report that high school graduates were flooding Kansas City without an opportunity to get suitable employment. The editor's views were extraordinarily frank and dicisive.

"W educate our boys beyound their prent plane," says Mr. Woods, "and the result is that they will not descend to the level of their fathers. By this I mean that we equip them for the sciences, the arts and professions, and when they set out to find congenial employment they find not a door open to them. They cannot turn their hand to the plow without throwing away the years of of educatin and the great sums of money expended upon them, so they remain in idleness. They may not take the mason's mell and they will not take the hod. They find no retainer when they open law offices and they disdain to assume a livery and be come a footman. This is laudable if it stops there. But it does not. The learned negro, failing to find patients when offering his skill as a physician, or a church when ordained or called, goes to the club, and in our submerged world the club is a crap joint, a policy shop, a gambling place. A year or two of that and all the pride is dimmed, all the hopes of a lifetime gone. The colored man at present has nothing to hope from the high school. It is a difficult problem to solve."

When asked if he had not formed an idea for himself, he promptly replied that he had. "We want, first of all, a cohesion in the race," he said, and then he recited that when some years ago a negro by the name of Rhodes died and left alarge estate to his heirs, they at once broke up all family ties and dissipated the patrimony in the courts. He named over half a dozen families which had amassed money and property, all of which had been lost to the surviving generation.

"I am not without hope," the editor resumed. "We will get out all right, but we will have to get ourselves out. The whites have done all they can do for us. They have done all we can in fairness ask them to do. They have given us freedom and the schools. We must take those facilities, all the white mdn themselves have, and work out our own salvation."

"How?" was asked him.

"By teaching enough of our people a trade to completely operate a factory. A negro cannot go into a machine shop because the employer finds that the white men there will not work at the same bench with him. We ought to train enough of our race to be machinists to enable them to say to an employer; 'Here, we will run your works for you. Employ us.' We do that in restaurants and are a success. But cafes are not elevated. We ought to enter the higher scales of labor, and we can never do that by rushing to get our young men and young women into the high schools. Less high school and more manual training is what we want."

—Ex.

By the Waters of Forgetfulness.

By A. B. Curtis.

From The Ladeis Home Journal.

There was once a poor woman whose life had been such a bitter one that she wanted her memory taken away. He to whom she had given the love of her young heart had not fulfilled the promises of his youth; his weakness had developed crimes so that he was compeled to flee for his life; and the sons and daughters she had borne and brought up had repaid her care and kindness with neglect and abuse, and at last, one by one, had wondered far from her fireside. So the heart of the poor woman was broken, and she passed, a sad and desolate soul, down the dark valley of the shadow of death. She came at last to a dim river, and asked the boatman to take her over,

"This is the river of forgetfulness," said the boatman. "Will you stoop and drink before you cross?"

The woman's face brightened and her voice was full of eager longing. "Yes," she said, "I will drink; I will forget then that my hopes failed."

"You will forget that you ever hoped," replied the boatman.

The woman drew back, then she bent forward once more. "I will forget that I came to hate him so," she said.

"You will forget that you ever loved him," came the response.

The words seemed to stir a far away memory. There was a long pause. Then the the woman leaned forward to drink.

"I will forget that my little ones left my arms. I will forget how I wept for them in the darkness when they did not return at night. I will forget that they lost the right path and wandered away never to return to me."

"Yes," said the boatman, "you will forget that you ever pressed them to your bosom, forget that you ever felt the tiny fingers wandering caressingly over your face. You will forget the visions you saw, the fond hopes you cherished as you used to rock them to sleep at night."

The woman was not stooping by the river now. She had raised herself and was walking toward the boat.

"You may row me across," she said; "I shall not drink of the waters of forgetfulness."

Have you ever said, dear reader, in a moment of dispair, "There is nothing in all my past to be thankful for?" Never say it again. Have you ever wished that you might drink of the waters of forgetfulness? Never wish it again.

THE BLACK MAID,

The following significant poem written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox is taken from an exchange. It rumored that this poem was written more than a year ago and dedicated to Paul Lawrence Dunbar by the author, but that no paper nor magizine could be found that would publish it until the organization of the National Progress Company. It was given a very prominent place in the National Progress. The poem, if read and carefully thought of, will reveal no little amount of the white man's honor.

THE DIFFERENCE.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

To the coal black maid
The white man said:
"You must yeild your honor to me.
For I am king
Of everything,
Ay! king of land and sea.

Now a bird or a beast mates but with its kind
Yet a man will follow the lust of his mind.

The pittiless skies
Heard the black girl's cries
And men turned an ear of stone.
For the good God gave
To the king his slave
And the world should let him alone.

And why should it talk of the white man's sins
When the black girl's child has a tawny skin?

The black man said
To the snow-white man:
"You must yeild to my brutal will.
I am morally blind
And I hate your kind,
And I know how to throttle and kill."

"I have no brains, but my sinews are strong
With a grudge of a hundred years of wrong."

The white girl's cries
Rose wide and high.
It hurt the ears of the world;
Then blind and stark
Out into the dark
A blundering soul was hurled.

For a woman's honor all men will fight
And avenge her wrong—if her skin be white.

Turn not a stranger from your door,
But kindly condescend;
And lend to all a helping hand,
For ev'ry one needs a friend.

C. H. Warrick.

Methodists Oppose Dancing.

Lincoln, Neb. Sept. 18.—The state conference of the Methodist Episcopal church yesterday put itself on record as opposed to any change in the discipline of the church. The section referred to prohibits dancing, cardplaying and other games, and has been the subject of considerable discussion on account of an attempt of the more liberal element of the church to amend it. A resolution reaffirming allegiance to the section was unanimously adopted.